

## Leslie Vryenhoek

---

### Just Beyond Call If You Need Me

Ignace is a coffee shop squat by the side  
of the Trans Canada, a bank  
of payphones inside the door on the left.  
Dim light, only one phone  
working, no answer.

Ignace is seven hours  
east of goodbye; is still raining slick  
with the memory of wet blotches  
carelessly left on the shoulder  
of your khaki T-shirt; is a hole

in the pit of my gut, the faded postcard  
that looks like it's been here since last time,  
twenty years ago, when I insisted on driving  
your dad all this way just to hold  
on to the hours.

Ignace was where the railroad  
took him to work, leaving me  
nine months pregnant and scared  
senseless — was a dank motel room, a last  
kiss, a stupid idea that turned out okay only  
because I could follow a semi back west  
through the snow, faint twin lights enough  
to keep up with the highway's unexpected  
twists and

you hiccupping softly  
in the dark of me.

Ignace is another tank of gas; is checking the chains  
on the U-Haul I'm pulling away  
from the life you will have; is the vacancy  
you will never  
stop being.